

## Of Cosmo Tips and Cheesy Pick Up Lines

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Summary: HinataxGaara! Hinata goes to the bar and gets a bit tipsy. Many cheesy lines inside. AU For Sabie0521 (this story accidentally got deleted a while ago)

## Of Cosmo Tips and Cheesy Pick Up Lines

Zeelee-Vallen: This is a one-shot for Sabie0521. She is such an adamant and amazing reviewer I had to treat her~

This is a GaaraxHinata AU :D Have fun reading. (This story got deleted by accident.)

We do not own Naruto.

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Hinata cowered down at Hanabi's shadowed figure. In each of her hands were items of pure pain and agony. Why? Why did her sister seem so intent on hurting her?

"Hinata, your 21 fucking years old, it's time you get laid." Hanabi's silver eyes seemed to glow evilly in the dim light. A passing maid noticed the two of them in the dim room, deciding to be a good maid, she turned the light on. The room brightened up, showing Hanabi holding a Cosmo book in one hand, and a makeup bag in the other.

Hinata glowed as the maid went on her merrily way.

"Hana-Hanabi- I told youâ€¦ Iâ€¦ I am fine." An evil aura filled the room as Hanabi took another step closer. Hinata cowered lower into her desk. She had homework to doâ€¦ If she didn't get it done, what would happen? The haunting light in Hanabi's eyes told her there was no way out. Once Hanabi made a decision, there was no way

out.

"By the night is done, I'll make sure you got yourself a man."

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She pulled at the bottom of her short black dress, her gaze mortified as she looked in the mirror. Hanabi had put light lavender eyeshadow on her, gave her winged eyeliner, caked on the mascara, and even put light pink lip gloss on her. She evenâ€¦ powderedâ€¦ her face..!

Although, she had to admit, her hair was nice. Hanabi had curled it before placing it in a loose bun, some of the curled locks outlined her face.

And the dress was nice. It was modest, to a point. It covered most of her bosom, yet was skin tight. It was babydoll style, the colour was a midnight black. Now, if only the light purple corset Hanabi forced her to put on, \_overtop the dress\_, wasn't so tight, she wouldn't have minded it.

But, she had to admit, she looked rather sexy.

Hanabi was grinning behind her, her eyes alight with mischief. She too was dressed up. She wore a white tank top with a red pencil skirt that reached mid thy. Her makeup was similar to Hinata's but hers looked rather punk.

She blushed heavily, her head already slightly lighter from the pop she just had. Perhapsâ€¦ Hanabi spiked it. \_What a little brat\_, she giggled.

Hanabi hooked her arm, a taunting glint in her eyes. "Let us get going now, big sis." Hanata nodded, letting Hanabi pull her along.

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Loud techno was playing, the sound echoing throughout the bar. It smelled of sweat, alcohol, and perfume. People brushed against her, some sending flirty smiles and quick winks. Each time, she would blush and lower her head.

Hanabi would not stop laughing at her, perhaps it was because she was getting a bit red faced and tipsy. But that did not excuse her for bringing her to the dance floor. Hinata stood rigid on the dance floor as Hanabi twirled around her, grinded on her, and then left her.

Her little sister got swept away by the crowd. Not knowing whether to laugh at the misfortune, or cry, she instead she settled for getting another beer. She liked beer, it never did bother her to drink them. Don't get her wrong, coolers and all the other fruity drinks were amazing, but right now, she wanted a nice cold beer.

She slipped through the people, making her way to the bar, only to bump into some huge brute. She stared at him wide eyed. Never before did she see such a huge man! His hair was blue, his eyes black as

night, and his skin almost, \_almost\_, looked like it had a blue hue. Perhaps it was the strobe lights, or the alcohol in her system, but he looked shark like. She blinked when his attention turned to her.

The large man looked down at her, his full lips pulling into a toothy grin. Her heart burst into a rampage of flutters, immediately her face heated. She quickly lowered her head and hurried to the bar, her heart fluttering. There were so many different people in the bar tonight, it was rather fascinating. Or rather, terrifying.

She quickly plopped herself down at the only open barstool, her eyes forward. She wondered, if she pretended she wasn't there, would people notice her? The bar tender smiled at her, gave her a wink, then sent a shot her way, mouthing the words 'for free'.

The answer was no. God no. She blushed and took the shot, hoping it would calm her. It did nothing.

Nothing.

\_At all.\_

"You look terrified. Is someone messing with you?" She quickly looked to the side, her face lighting up at the man next to her. He was a damn model. Well, at least in her mind. He had pale skin that rivalled hers, it was flawless and smooth. And his eyes, oh god his eyes. They were such a beautiful sea green, it easily made up for the fact he was wearing eyeliner. Plus, he had strawberry red hair, \_how rare,\_ and there was the tattooed kanji for love on his forehead.

Yes. He was attractive. Very very attractive.

Which justified her jumbled words. "No-you-Iâ€|.Redâ€|" She blushed hard, her eyes going wide. Was she so drunk she was relapsing in her old ways? Or was this man so attractive?

Oh dear. She covered her face, her embarrassment overflowing. She made a fool of herself yet again. This was why she hated the bar. It was a terrible place.

After a few moments her breaths calmed down, letting her peek out from behind her fingers. The man was still there, staring at her.

She slowly removed her hands from her face, trying to fight her blush back. If she was going to try flirting, it better be now. She already embarrassed herself so much, it no longer mattered.

Plus, this was an extremely popular bar, many people went through it. There was not much of a chance of her seeing him again.

"I- I am fine, thank youâ€|" She tried to say, her voice wavering as she tried to talk over the music. The man stared at her, before leaning in and tapping his ear. He couldn't hear her, damn it. And she tried so hard to talk loud too. She leaned in, blushing when one of his red locks brushed her nose. His hair smelled clean, sweet even, and his manly sent wafted into her nose. Goodnessâ€| anymore and she was going to swoon. "Iâ€| Amâ€| Fine, thank youâ€|" She said,

slightly quieter into his ear.

He leaned back, his sea green eyes looking her up and down. "Good." Somehow she was able to hear him so loud and clear. Perhaps it was his deep voice, or the way his eyes seem to convey his words just as good. Perhaps his face wasn't very expressive, but his eyes spoke. That's more than what she could say for most of her family members.

He turned his head forward, his eyes focused on the little TV. Some show was playing, it wasn't anything she knew about.

Now the question was, how should she gain his attention? She thought back to the cosmo books her sister forced onto her before they came here.

\_Tip one: Point your body toward him, and when he looks at you tilt your head and smile. \_

Blushing, she turned to face him. It seemed to catch his attention, because he looked over at her. She did as the book said, and smiled.

He stared at her. Blankly.

She blushed seven shades of red as she fumbled with her memory as to how to continue.

\_Tip two: Say a pick up line, be careful it's not too cheesy!\_

Pick up line. Oh no. What did she say? The only ones she could think of were- "If you were a vegetable, you would be a cute-cumber-"

â€¦..

â€¦..

\_Oh no\_.

She buried her head in her hands, her blush heating her body. She said it before she could stop herself. It was one of the mock flirty lines her sister always made fun of!

A low rumble filled the air, making her peak out. On the man's face, was a very faint smile.

"You must be very drunk." He said, his sea green eyes lighting up slightly. She meeped, her hands finding their way to the hem of her dress, where she bunched up the fabric.

Was she drunk? She was tipsy, but not that drunk yet.

\_Tip 3: If he looks intrigued, try another line~\_

Now those god forsaken tips were popping up on their own. Butâ€¦ They worked so far, so why not continue? Blushing, she thought of one of the other things her sister used to joke about. "Iâ€¦ I am not drunk, I'm-I'm intoxicated by youâ€¦?" She blushed hard as her sentence somehow turned into a question. And of course, it happened to be one

of the corniest things she could think of.

No, she was not good at this.

Perhaps she should bring out the paper her sister gave her in case of 'flirting emergency' as her sister put it.

A low rumble sounded again, making her blink. This time, the man had a half-grin on. She blushed hard, her jaw falling open slightly. Was sheâ€¦ Succeeding in flirtingâ€¦? For once?

\_Tip 4: Lean in slightly and bring up a topic. \_

Unwillingly, she followed her mind's order. She leaned in slightly, her chin resting on her hand as she tried to copy the same pose some of the other women were doing. "Uh-umâ€¦" She cursed herself. What did she say? The book didn't tell her! "Whatâ€¦" \_That was a start.\_ "Isâ€¦." \_Keep going. \_"Your nameâ€¦?" She finally forced out. Her eyes light up, proud she was able to bring up a topic. Perhaps she wasn't as bad at this as she thought?

"Gaara. And yours?" He answered back, his half grin transitioning to a smirk. Wait. \_He answered back! \_She smiled wide, her heart jumping.

\_Take that, Hanabi.\_ "Hinata."

â€¦\_..\_

\_Shit.\_

â€¦\_..\_

Wow, her drunken mind was getting rather fowl. But, it had a reason. What did she say now?

She related to the only thing she knew.

Movies.

"Canâ€¦ Can I buy you a drink?" She asked, quickly. Instantly she regretted it when his eyebrow, \_if he had one, \_rose in question. She blushed deeply, quickly trying to stammer out a reason.

"Becauâ€¦seâ€¦ You lookâ€¦ Like you could use one..?" No, she was digging herself a hole. \_Because he looked like he can use one? \_You are really messing up now, Hinata. Plus, wasn't that supposed to be the man's line? \_Sexist. \_She hissed at her brain to shut up.

He chuckled, making her sigh in relief. "Yes, I don't see why not." Grinning happily, she waved the bartender over, ordering two drinks.

The bartender served them quickly, then left. She looked over to Gaara, a light blush reddening her cheeks. Or perhaps it was the alcohol, either way, she took another sip.

This time, they sat in silence. It wasn't an awkward silence, it was more like the silence of two old friends.

\_Which you aren't. Go make your fucking move. \_

Damn, her mind was getting very rowdy.

\_Whiskey makes my baby frisky. \_

Stop it!

She looked over to the man, her eyes widening when a beautiful blond put her hand on his shoulder. She leaned down and whispered something into his ear, as to which he nodded.

No! All her hard work was going to be lost.

\_Make your move.\_

She pulled out the paper her sister gave her.

\_Put your hand on his thy, look him dead in the eyes, and say; your body is 65% water, and I'm pretty thirsty. \_

Not thinking, she tucked it away. The beer was making her mind pretty fearless, she felt she could-

She put her hand on his thy, making him look at her.

\_Just like with the cosmo tips. One step at a time. \_

Was it just her or was her thoughts getting more and more sassy?

Next she looked him dead in the eye, ignoring as the blond crossed her arms and made a sound of amusement. \_Oh, you don't think we can do it? \_

She puffed out her chest, her lips parting. "Your body is 65% water, and I'm pretty thirsty." The words processed in her mind as they left her lips.

\_Wait. \_

\_Wait.\_

â€|\_..

\_Did it really say that?\_

She quickly took out the paper and reread it. Yes, that is exactly what she said.

â€|..

Realization dawned on her.

Slowly, very slowly, she looked up. The blond was keeled over laughing, while Gaara was sitting there staring at her blankly. Slowly, he blink, as if questioning her sanity.

\_Hinabi you little brat.\_

"I-Iâ€|" Nope, she couldn't do it. It was time to abort the mission.

She quickly stood, and swiveled on her heel. But before she could get any further, she felt a hand clamp around her wrist. There was a yank, and next thing she knew, she was sitting.

She froze.

She wasn't just sitting, she was sitting on Gaara's lap. The blond openly gaped at them, and she could sympathize. She would be gaping too if it wasn't for the fact her blush took over every possible action she could have done.

His arms wrapped around her, pulling her tight against his hard body. His musky, manly scent filled her nose. Her head spun. Was this real? Or was her drunk sassy mind tricking her?

His lips traced up her neck, stopping at her earlobe. His teeth lightly brushed the sensitive skin, sending shivers throughout her body. "I must say, all this alcohol has made me rather thirsty to." He whispered, his deep voice sending rumbles through her chest. "Perhaps, we should make plans to go to my house?" He asked, his breath warm on the sensitive skin of her neck.

She squeaked, her voice betraying her. "I- I would like that." She blushed when he chuckled, the sound deep and rich.

"I was feeling a bit off today, but you defiantly turned me on." He chuckled into her ear. Somehow, despite her situation, she couldn't help but laugh. Perhaps going to the bar wasn't so bad.

\_Perhaps Hanabi's advice wasn't so bad.\_

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Zeelee-Vallen: Please kill me xD I'm a demon. It was my first time writing such a terrible scene, so you should tell me if it made you gooey!

End  
file.